

## From "The Wanderer"

By Anonymous

He who has come to know  
how cruel a companion is sorrow  
to one who has few dear protectors, will understand this:  
the path of exile claims him, not patterned gold,  
a winter-bound spirit, not the wealth of earth.  
He remembers hall-holders and treasure-taking,  
how in his youth his gold-giving lord  
accustomed him to the feast—that joy has all faded.  
And so he who has long been forced to forego  
his dear lord's beloved words of counsel will understand:  
when sorrow and sleep both together  
often bind up the wretched exile,  
it seems in his mind that he clasps and kisses  
his lord of men, and on his knee lays  
hands and head, as he sometimes long ago  
in earlier days enjoyed the gift-throne.  
But when the friendless man awakens again  
and sees before him the fallow waves,  
seabirds bathing, spreading their feathers,  
frost falling and snow, mingled with hail,  
then the heart's wounds are that much heavier,  
pain after pleasure. Sorrow is renewed  
when the memory of kinsmen flies through the mind;  
he greets them with great joy, greedily surveys  
hall-companions — they always swim away;  
the floating spirits bring too few  
well-known voices. Cares are renewed  
for one who must send, over and over,  
a weary heart across the binding of the waves.

Wat se þe cunnað,  
hu sliþen bið sorg to geferan,  
þam þe him lyt hafað leofra geholena.  
Warað hine wræclast, nales wunden gold,  
ferðloca freorig, nalæs foldan blæd.  
Gemon he se secegas ond sincþege,  
hu hine on geoguðe his goldwine  
wenede to wiste. Wyn eal gedreas!  
Forþon wat se þe sceal his winedryhtnes  
leofes larcwidum longe forþolian,  
ðonne sorg ond slæp somod ætgædre  
earnne anhogan oft gebindað.  
þinceð him on mode þæt he his mondryhten  
clyppe ond cysse, ond on cneo lecge  
honda ond heafod, swa he hwilum ær  
in geardagum giefstolas breac.  
ðonne onwæcneð eft wineleas guma,  
gesihð him biforan fealwe wegas,  
baþian brimfuglas, brædan fepra,  
hreasan hrim ond snaw, hagle gemenged.  
þonne beoð þy hefigran heortan benne,  
sare æfter swæsne. Sorg bið geniwad,  
þonne maga gemynd mod geondhweorfeð;  
greteð gliwstafum, georne geondsceawað  
secga geseldan. Swimmað eft on weg!  
Fleotendra ferð no þær fela bringeð  
cuðra cwidegiedda. Cearo bið geniwad  
þam þe sendan sceal swiþe geneahhe  
ofer waþema gebind werigne sefan.

## **The Unquiet Grave**

By Anonymous

“The wind doth blow today, my love,  
And a few small drops of rain;  
I never had but one true-love,  
In cold grave she was lain.

“I’ll do as much for my true-love  
As any young man may;  
I’ll sit and mourn all at her grave  
For a twelvemonth and a day.”

The twelvemonth and a day being up,  
The dead began to speak:  
“Oh who sits weeping on my grave,  
And will not let me sleep?”

“’T is I, my love, sits on your grave,  
And will not let you sleep;  
For I crave one kiss of your clay-cold lips,  
And that is all I seek.”

“You crave one kiss of my clay-cold lips,  
But my breath smells earthy strong;  
If you have one kiss of my clay-cold lips,  
Your time will not be long.

“’T is down in yonder garden green,  
Love, where we used to walk,  
The finest flower that e’re was seen  
Is withered to a stalk.

“The stalk is withered dry, my love,  
So will our hearts decay;  
So make yourself content, my love,  
Till God calls you away.”

### **Sonnet 30**

By William Shakespeare

When to the Sessions of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lacke of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new waile my deare times waste;  
Then can I drowne an eye (un-us'd to flow)  
For precious friends hid in deaths dateles night,  
And weepe a fresh loves long since canceld woe,  
And mone th'expenche of many a vannisht sight.  
Then can I greeve at greevances fore-gon,  
And heavily from woe to woe tell ore  
The sad account of fore-bemomed mone,  
Which I new pay as if not payd before.

But if the while I thinke on thee (deare friend)  
All losses are restord, and sorrowes end.

## In Memoriam 89

By Alfred Lord Tennyson

Witch-elms that counterchange the floor  
Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright;  
And thou, with all thy breadth and height  
Of foliage, towering sycamore;

How often, hither wandering down,  
My Arthur found your shadows fair,  
And shook to all the liberal air  
The dust and din and steam of town:

He brought an eye for all he saw;  
He mixt in all our simple sports;  
They pleased him, fresh from brawling courts  
And dusty purlieus of the law.

O joy to him in this retreat,  
Immantled in ambrosial dark,  
To drink the cooler air, and mark  
The landscape winking thro' the heat:

O sound to rout the brood of cares,  
The sweep of scythe in morning dew,  
The gust that round the garden flew,  
And tumbled half the mellowing pears!

O bliss, when all in circle drawn  
About him, heart and ear were fed  
To hear him as he lay and read  
The Tuscan poets on the lawn:

Or in the all-golden afternoon  
A guest, or happy sister, sung,  
Or here she brought the harp and flung  
A ballad to the brightening moon:

Nor less it pleased in livelier moods,  
Beyond the bounding hill to stray,  
And break the livelong summer day  
With banquet in the distant woods;

Whereat we glanced from theme to theme,  
Discuss'd the books to love or hate,  
Or touch'd the changes of the state,  
Or threaded some Socratic dream;

But if I praised the busy town,  
He loved to rail against it still,  
For "ground in yonder social mill  
We rub each other's angles down,

"And merge," he said, "in form and gloss  
The picturesque of man and man."  
We talk'd: the stream beneath us ran,  
The wine-flask lying couch'd in moss,

Or cool'd within the glooming wave;  
And last, returning from afar,  
Before the crimson-circled star  
Had fall'n into her father's grave,

And brushing ankle-deep in flowers,  
We heard behind the woodbine veil  
The milk that bubbled in the pail,  
And buzzings of the honied hours.

## **The Voice**

By Thomas Hardy

Woman much missed, how you call to me, call to me,  
Saying that now you are not as you were  
When you had changed from the one who was all to me,  
But as at first, when our day was fair.

Can it be you that I hear? Let me view you, then,  
Standing as when I drew near to the town  
Where you would wait for me: yes, as I knew you then,  
Even to the original air-blue gown!

Or is it only the breeze, in its listlessness  
Travelling across the wet mead to me here,  
You being ever dissolved to wan wistlessness,  
Heard no more again far or near?

Thus I; faltering forward,  
Leaves around me falling,  
Wind oozing thin through the thorn from norward,  
And the woman calling.

**November 1936**

*(47 Webb St)*

By Ursula Bethell

Today I trimmed my lonely dwelling place with flowers;  
Memories ask garlands;  
I see you, darling,  
Dispose, deft-handed, your bright bunches in that happy home of ours.

Crisp iris, lily-of-the-valley, and the tasselled lime, –  
For spring had spoken Summer  
When Death, new-comer,  
Took you at night-fall, dearest. even as at this time.

So I repeat the rites, with tear-dulled eyes,  
Of foretime pleasure;  
Heart with its treasure  
Not here; seeking the lost dear in her dim paradise.

Now that our rain-bird, little grey bird, pipes again,  
Hid in the leafage,  
And for my grieving  
Links, oh I could think, a note of hope, of hope, into his plaintive chain,

Because their tender beauty is in tune with pain,  
Because their fragrance,  
As the seasons hasten  
By and back, blends our bright summers with the summers that remain,

Because the years to months diminish, days to hours,  
And love is stronger  
Than death's anger  
I have adorned today, alone, my brief abiding place with flowers.